

Production No. 8F09

The Simpsons

"Burns Verkaufen Der Kraftwerk"

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"BURNS VERKAUFEN DER KRAFTWERK"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
LENNY.....HARRY SHEARER
BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER
SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER
HORST.....PHIL HARTMAN
BROKER.....PHIL HARTMAN
MOE.....HANK AZARIA
PATTY.....JULIE KAVNER
SELMA.....JULIE KAVNER
PRINCIPAL SKINNER.....HARRY SHEARER
CARL.....HANK AZARIA
CHARLIE.....DAN CASTELLANETA
KENT BROCKMAN.....HARRY SHEARER
SCOTT CHRISTIAN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
WORKERDAN CASTELLANETA
GERMAN TEACHER (V.O.)...HANK AZARIA
HANS.....HARRY SHEARER
FRITZ.....HANK AZARIA
DIAMOND JOE QUIMBY.....DAN CASTELLANETA

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JASPER.....HARRY SHEARER
SUPERVISER.....PHIL HARTMAN
CLERK.....HANK AZARIA
SNAPPY THE ALLIGATOR...HARRY SHEARER
BOXER.....HARRY SHEARER

BURNS VERKAUFEN DER KRAFTWERK
(Burns Sells The Plant)

By
Jon Vitti

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. MR. BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The CAMERA TRACKS through the empty office and through a side door.

SMITHERS (V.O.)

It's a breakthrough product, sir:
scientifically formulated to rinse
clean with no oily deposits.

BURNS (V.O.)

(BORED) Hot dog!

INT. MR. BURNS' WASHROOM - CONTINUOUS

MR. BURNS sits in his lavish private washroom. SMITHERS is shampooing his hair. Burns is reclining with his head in a washbasin as in a beauty salon. Smithers finishes massaging the suds in and starts to rinse them out.

SMITHERS

And it's mild enough to use every day.

BURNS

(TIRED) Isn't life grand?

A single tear runs down Burns' face.

SMITHERS

What's wrong sir, did I get some in your eyes? The shampoo specifically said "No More Tears".

BURNS

A lovely promise, but one beyond the powers of a mere shampoo.

Smithers looks troubled.

SMITHERS

Sir, I feel there is something you're not telling me? Perhaps, you'd feel more comfortable talking to Snappy the Alligator.

BURNS

(COYLY) Maybe.

Smithers produces an alligator hand puppet.

SMITHERS

(USING PUPPET) Hello, Mr. Burns.

BURNS

Snappy, do you know what weltschmerz means?

SMITHERS/SNAPPY

Yes, it's a German expression meaning "ennui or world weariness."

BURNS

Uh huh. You know, it's hard to
imagine, but I was once a barefoot boy
with cheek of tan. I dreamed of cattle
drives, grand slam homeruns and wiping
out nations with the stroke of a pen.

The puppet nods.

SMITHERS/SNAPPY

Well there's still time for all those
things, sir.

BURNS

Is there? Controlled nuclear fission
is a demanding mistress, Snappy.

SMITHERS/SNAPPY

So you feel resentful towards the
plant.

BURNS

Yes, yes, exactly! (SOLEMNLY) You
know, maybe it's time I sold the old
girl.

The puppet and Smithers' jaws drop.

INT. POWER PLANT - WORK AREA

HOMER is at the candy machine. He puts in a dollar bill and
the machine rejects it.

HOMER

(MOANS) Oh, what do they want!

Homer looks at the bill. We SEE it is a crumpled old bill with a huge chunk missing from one corner. It's taped together in the middle. Burns and Smithers walk by. Burns has a towel wrapped around his head.

BURNS

(SADLY) Maybe a nap will boost my spirits.

SMITHERS

I'll get that whale song cassette that you like, sir.

Smithers walks up to Homer.

HOMER

It's not fair! A man devotes his whole life to this plant and now this. (SOBS)

SMITHERS

I know how you feel, Simpson. I've never seen Mr. Burns so depressed.

HOMER

(IGNORING HIM, SOBS) Uh-huh.

Homer carefully tries to smooth out the dollar bill across his knee. He puts the bill into the machine again and gets excited as it starts to feed.

SMITHERS

People think that because he's rich and powerful and cruel, he doesn't have feelings like other men. But he does. He loves every man jack of us. And you know what? I bet he wouldn't sell the plant for a hundred million dollars.

The bill is rejected again.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT) Mr. Smithers, do you
have change for a dollar?

SMITHERS

(HANDS HIM CHANGE) Good, good. Try to
eat something.

INT. POWER PLANT - WORK AREA

Homer is sitting at his post, eating his candy bar, when
the phone **RINGS**.

HOMER

Homer Simpson here.

INTERCUT

With a small, dirty office occupied by an unhealthy-looking
man.

BROKER

Homer, it's your stockbroker. Your
stock in the power plant just went up
for the first time in ten years.

HOMER

I own stock?

BROKER

Yes, all the employees got some in
exchange for waiving certain
constitutional rights.

HOMER

So how much did it go up?

BROKER

Wait a minute. Let's not do that yet.
The book says we have to make a little
small talk before you get down to
business. (RAPID FIRE) Everybody
alive?

HOMER

(RAPID FIRE) Yeah...

BROKER

Like any sports?

HOMER

Sure...

BROKER

Ever go dancing?

HOMER

Not any more...

BROKER

We should get together sometime.

HOMER

That'd be great.

BROKER

There. Now we trust each other.

HOMER

Well... how are you?

BROKER

(COUGHS) Near death. I'm renewing my
notary license on a weekly basis.

HOMER

Uh-huh. So what's my stock up to?

BROKER

Let me punch that up on the computer.

He opens his newspaper and looks at the tables.

BROKER (CONT'D)

Twenty five cents a share.

HOMER

What should I do?

BROKER

Well, let me put it this way. You'll
get twenty-five dollars if you sell
now.

HOMER

Sell! Sell! Sell! (HANGING UP) Woo hoo!

Twenty-five bucks!

Homer dreamily pictures what he can do with the money --
getting a haircut; happily driving his car thru a carwash;
buying a hammer with a \$25 price tag.

HOMER

(OOH'S, AH'S, ETC)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Bart is sitting in front of the TV, watching ITCHY and SCRATCHY, **LAUGHING**. On screen, UP ON title card, "House of Pain". Itchy, dressed as a carpenter, has Scratchy's four limbs nailed to a two-by-four in a house under construction. He is **HAMMERING** a nail into Scratchy's skull. Scratchy grimaces in pain, then loses consciousness, his tongue hanging out, as the nail penetrates his brain and comes out the back of the board. On the nail, Itchy hangs a picture of himself with Scratchy on a fishhook like a prize fish.

MARGE runs in from the kitchen.

MARGE

Bart! Bart! Turn to the financial
channel! Aunt Patty says our stock
is skyrocketing!

Bart pushes the remote control. SCOTT CHRISTIAN on the
financial channel has a mortise over his shoulder
displaying the Burns company logo, a stylized family
holding hands around a mushroom cloud.

SCOTT CHRISTIAN

Unconfirmed takeover rumors have pushed
Burns Worldwide from one eighth to
fifty-two and a quarter...

Marge punches some numbers into a calculator.

MARGE

(GASPS) Your father's stock is worth
fifty-two hundred dollars!

BART

Wow, fifty-two hundred smackers.

Bart dreamily imagines what he could buy with the money.

A) Bart is driving a monster truck with \$5,200 painted on
the window. The side of the truck reads "BAD BOY BART".
He **RUNS OVER** a car, flattening it.

B) Bart lies behind a large truck labeled "FROSTY CHOCOLATE
MILKSHAKES". The truck **POURS** liquid like a cement truck
into his open mouth. His stomach is grotesquely bloated.

C) Bart is flying around with a jet pack on his back. **PULL
BACK** to reveal he has written "EAT MY SHORTS" in the sky.

BART (CONT'D)

(OOH'S, AH'S, LAUGHS)

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - AFTERNOON

Homer strides in.

MOE

Hey, Homer. Wanna Duff?

HOMER

(SMOOTHLY) No, I'd like a bottle of
Henry K. Duff's Private Reserve.

MOE

(SHOCKED) Are you sure? Cuz once I
open the bottle there's no refund.

Homer **SLAPS** down a twenty dollar bill on the bar.

HOMER

For your information, I just made a
cool twenty-five dollars playing the
market. Buy low, sell high, that's my
motto. I may just quit my job at the
power plant and become a full-time
stock market guy.

At the mention of the power plant, HANS and FRITZ, two
strangers in the bar, look up at Homer. He notices them.
Their glasses are still half-full.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Have a Duff, boys!

HANS

(GERMAN ACCENT, FRIENDLY) Oh, thank
you. My English is not perfect, but I
have to tell you your beer is like
swill to us. Do I have that right? I am
saying that only a swine would drink
this beer.

FRITZ

(GERMAN ACCENT) Yeah, but thank you
anyway.

HOMER

Hey, you guys aren't from around here,
are you?

HANS

Ech, nein. We are from Germany. He is
from the East. I am from the West.

FRITZ

I had a big company and he had a big
company. Now we have a very big
company.

HANS

Very big. We are interested in buying
the power plant. Do you think the
owner would ever sell it?

HOMER

(VERY CONFIDENT) Well, I happen to know
that he won't sell it for less than 100
million dollars.

Hans and Fritz open a briefcase full of money. They look
pleased.

HANS

Zer guten! We'll still have enough
left to buy the Cleveland Browns.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marge, PATTY, SELMA and LISA are watching the TV. Over **MUSIC**, the financial channel is showing stock tables. Burns Worldwide is featured as the "Big Gainer"; it closed at 52, +51 7/8 for the day. Marge puts her hands to her face.

MARGE

It's the miracle we've been waiting
for.

BART

What are we going to spend it on?

PATTY

(TO SELMA) Homer's probably buying some
magic beans with it right now.

MARGE

We'll have a savings account. We've
never had one. Kids, I think
everything is going to be okay from now
on.

Homer **BURSTS IN** the door, excited. He notices the TV turned
to the stock channel. The "Market Diary" table is on
screen.

HOMER

Hey... hey!

MARGE (CONT'D)

Oh, Homer!

HOMER

You heard?

MARGE

We heard! Isn't it wonderful? We have
some great plans for that money.

HOMER

(GUILTY CHUCKLE) Well, I'm afraid I had
some great plans, too.

MARGE

What do you mean?

HOMER

I spent it on beer.

SELMA

(TO PATTY) Surprise surprise.

MARGE

(REALLY MAD) You spent fifty-two
hundred dollars on beer?

HOMER

Fifty-two hundred dollars? What are
you talking about?

Marge points to the TV set. The "Big Gainer" card is on
again, with Burns Worldwide closing at 52. Homer's face
twists in horror as he walks over and stares at the TV, his
nose against the screen.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(MOANS) What? (SCREAMS) I sold it all
for twenty-five bucks.

Bart kicks Homer in the ass.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(CALMLY) Thanks boy, I deserved that.

BART

Come on everybody. It makes you feel
better.

Homer slumps to the floor.

PATTY AND SELMA

Homer sits with his face in his hands. His head covers the bottom half of the TV screen. On the top half, the title "Big Loser" is visible over Homer's head.

PATTY

(TO SELMA) Big loser.

SELMA

(TO PATTY) That's news?

BACK TO SCENE

Marge starts to CRY.

MARGE

Oh no, no.

LISA

Oh, Dad. I feel so bad for you. You're going to live the rest of your life with the accusing looks on our faces and the anchors on our hearts.

HOMER

(HUGGING HER) Oh, thanks for understanding, honey. If I had a favorite kid, it would be you.

EXT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - PARKING LOT - NEXT DAY

Homer sadly **DRIVES UP** and gets out of his car. A Porsche **ZOOMS** into the spot next to him, with the license plate "LOADED." CARL gets out in a sharp suit.

CARL

Hey, Homer.

HOMER

Did you buy this car with your stock money?

CARL

Sure did. And the great thing about it is everybody got rich. No one's left out!

HOMER

(MOANS)

Homer's CO-WORKERS PULL UP in sports cars with vanity plates, "JACKPOT" "ME RICH" and "BUY LOW." CHARLIE DRIVES UP in a Deussen with a scarf around his neck and riding gloves.

CHARLIE

Wait till you see Lenny. He just got back from the plastic surgeon.

LENNY walks up, his smiling face tight and youthful.

CARL

Jeez Lenny, looks like you got the works.

LENNY

Well it started out as an eye tuck, but the stock kept going up.

A WORKER leans out of the back of a limo.

WORKER

Hey, come here, Mr. Burns is on TV.

They all pile into the back of the limo to watch the TV.

ON TV

Burns is getting out of a car and heading towards a restaurant. Reporters including KENT BROCKMAN gather around him clamoring, "Mr. Burns, Mr. Burns!".

KENT BROCKMAN

Mr. Burns, we've heard that a German consortium has offered to purchase the plant. Any comment?

BURNS

(ANGRY) You'll see the Statue of Liberty wearing lederhosen before you see Germans running my plant!

KENT BROCKMAN

Well then, sir, why are you meeting with them?

BURNS

So I can look Uncle Fritz square in the monocle and say nein.

PULL BACK to SEE the plant workers watching on the TV in the limo. They **CHEER**.

ON TV

Burns and Smithers walk into the restaurant. The "Hungry Hun" German restaurant has a sign featuring a spiked helmet with a turkey leg impaled on it.

INT. RESTAURANT - A LITTLE LATER

Hans and Fritz are eating dinner with Burns and Smithers in the nearly empty restaurant. The German dialogue is SUBTITLED.

BURNS

SUBTITLE

Der sauerbraten schmeckt
kostlich.

The sauerbraten is
excellent.

SMITHERS

Ah, you never cease to amaze me, sir.

BURNS

SUBTITLE

Mein kriecher sagte mir,
das ich bin nie aufhore
zu erstaunen.

My lickspittle told me I
never cease to amaze him.

HANS

SUBTITLE

Wir denken, wir haben ein
sehr gutes angebot.

We think we have a very
generous offer.

BURNS

SUBTITLE

Du verspielst deine zeit.

You are wasting your time.

They slide Burns a piece of paper. His eyes grow wide.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Whoo! oooh, oooh, Whooo!

He does a victory DANCE then sits back down.

BURNS (CONT'D)

I grudgingly accept.

EXT. RESTAURANT - A LITTLE LATER

Burns and Smithers and the Germans exit the restaurant.
Kent Brockman is doing a live editorial.

KENT BROCKMAN

So in this era of "Anything for a buck
or a yen or a Deutsch mark or a
guilder," it's nice to know that
Montgomery Burns is one American who
kept America for Americans.

Burns walks up with his arms around Hans and Fritz.

BURNS

Guten tag Herr Brockman. I'd like you
to meet the new owners of the plant.

KENT BROCKMAN

I, I, I... I'm Kent Brockman, Channel
Six News.

EXT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - DAY

As the press **SNAPS** photographs, the Germans hand Burns a
six-foot long check for 100 million dollars. A smiling
DIAMOND JOE QUIMBY looks on.

BURNS

Now, don't worry. I think you'll find
that these two gentlemen are as
American as apple pie! Hans and Fritz,
well that's just John and Frank!
(CHUCKLES)

DIAMOND JOE QUIMBY

Ich bin ein Springfielder!

The CROWD **MUTTERS** as the German flag goes up one of the
power plant flagpoles.

HOMER

(SADLY) We could all lose our jobs.

MARGE

(TO HOMER) Look at all those worried
faces -- except for Lenny. He looks
great.

CLOSE UP - LENNY

He is smiling.

LENNY

(THROUGH SMILE) This is the worst day
of my life.

He keeps smiling.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - ESTABLISHING

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - WORK STATION

A group of about TEN WORKERS, including Homer, Lenny, Carl and Charlie, sit uneasily near a table of coffee and Danish, waiting for the new boss.

LENNY

Those lousy Germans can't fire me. I'm the only one who knows how to unjam the rod bottom dissociator.

CARL

Well, they can't fire me. I'm the only one certified to run the gaseous contaminant particularfier.

HOMER

Well, they can't fire me.

LENNY/CARL

Why?

HOMER

Cuz... (BEAT) I...

HORST, a genial-looking white-haired German, walks up to the workers. He turns a chair around and sits on it backwards facing the men.

HORST

(FRIENDLY) Guten morgen, I am Horst.

The new owners have elected me to speak with you because I am the most nonthreatening. Perhaps I remind you of the lovable Sergeant Schultz on Hogan's Heroes.

The workers MURMUR.

INT. MR. BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Burns is at his desk. His belongings are packed into nearby boxes. Burns finishes writing "For Deposit Only. C.M. Burns" on the back of the giant check. He puts it together with a deposit slip for 100 million dollars.

INT. MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HORST

What is the best way to an efficient plant?

The employees look at each other and shrug, AD-LIB "Beats me", etc.

HORST (CONT'D)

Happy workers who feel secure at their jobs. So let's get to know each other better. Do we have any alcoholics among us?

A few hands sheepishly go up.

HORST (CONT'D)

You'll be given a six-week treatment at our drying out facility in Hawaii, after which you'll return at full pay.

The alcoholics **AD LIB** "Wow," "Great," etc.

HOMER

(TO SELF) Lucky drunks.

HORST

Also, we cannot uber-emphasize the
importance of employee safety.

A drop falls from the ceiling. It lands in a pot on the
floor half-filled with glowing green liquid with a **PLUNK**.

HORST (CONT'D)

We plan to have some frank discussions
with your safety inspector.

HOMER

Yeah! Sock it to him, Horst!

LENNY

Hey, Homer, aren't you the safety
inspector?

Homer looks at his badge.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

INT. MR. BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Burns is looking through a scrapbook. We see pasted
newspaper clippings with the headlines "Police Use Tear Gas
Against N-Plant Strikers", "Seven Arrested in Plant
Protest" and "Burns Honored For Community Service".

BURNS

(SIGHS)

Mr. Burns hears muffled **TALKING** from a nearby room. He
pushes a button marked "Smithers" and a side door **SLIDES**
open. It reveals Smithers in his cramped, tiny office. On
his desk is a set of tapes marked "Sycophantic German". A
TAPE DECK is **PLAYING**.

GERMAN TEACHER (V.O.)

You look sharp today, sir. You looken
sharpen todayen, mein herr.

SMITHERS

You looken sharpen todayen, mein herr.

GERMAN TEACHER (V.O.)

That was a gutsy decision, sir. Ein
wassen das gutsy decisionen, mein herr.

SMITHERS

Ein wassen das...

BURNS

Smithers!

Smithers hastily **SHUTS OFF** the tape and walks into Burns' office.

BURNS (CONT'D)

I wanted to give you something to
remember me by. And I know you've
always had your eye on this photo of
Elvis and me.

Burns holds up a photo of himself and Elvis which resembles
the famous picture of Elvis and Nixon.

SMITHERS

He was so good to his mother, sir.

BURNS

Yes, but I couldn't understand a word
that man said. (CURLS HIS LIP LIKE
ELVIS) Misht Burnsh, dajna boo mafrn
friszner... er hound-dog.

SMITHERS

(LAUGHING) Stop it, you're killing me
sir.

They look at each other for a beat.

SMITHERS

Oh sir, what will you do next?

BURNS

Well, first I'll get that new hip I've
been hankering for. Then, who knows?
The world is my oyster, Smithers.

Farewell!

Burns puts on his top hat. He exits. Smithers CHOKES BACK
a SOB.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa is studying at her desk. Homer comes in worried.

HOMER

Lisa, your father needs your help. Do
you know anything about Germany?

LISA

Well, it's a country in Europe --

HOMER

Good, good, I'm learning.

LISA

One of the economic powers of the
world--

HOMER

Because we send them money?

LISA

(CONDESCENDING LAUGH) No. Because
they're efficient and punctual, with a
strong work ethic.

HOMER

(SHUDDER)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Homer is pacing, worried. Marge is in bed.

MARGE

Homie, come to bed.

HOMER

Oh, Marge, I'm gonna be fired. I know
it.

MARGE

Don't worry. Whatever happens, we'll
pay the bills somehow.

HOMER

Marge, it's not the money. My job is
my identity. If I'm not a safety
whatchamajigger, I'm nothing.

Homer paces some more.

MARGE

(MURMURS) Well, if you can't sleep,
why don't you do something
constructive?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

Homer is holding a box marked 'BATTLESTAR GALACTICA PUZZLE -- 5000 PIECES', 'AS SEEN ON THE HIT TV SHOW!'. On the cover is a picture of space ships fighting. Homer **DUMPS IT OUT**, and tries to put two pieces together. They don't fit so he **ANGRILY** tries to **POUND** them together, **BANGING** his fist on the table.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

Homer is asleep face down on the uncompleted puzzle. A few pieces are banged together. Bart in his bathrobe, stands next to him.

BART

Yo, Homer. You gotta get ready for work.

HOMER

Huh? What?

Homer lifts his head -- several pieces are stuck to his cheek. He **DROOLS** and several more pieces come out of his mouth.

INT. POWER PLANT - COFFEE AREA - LATER

Homer is standing idly with other workers. He wears a Safety Inspector badge. He sees Horst approach and snaps into action.

HOMER

(TO LENNY) Hey, you! Stop being so unsafe! Smitty -- safen-up!

HORST

Homer, could we have a word with you?

HOMER

(SCARED) No.

HORST

(SMOOTHLY) I must have phrased that badly. My English is, how you say... inelegant. I meant to say, may we have a brief, friendly chat?

HOMER

(SCARED) No!

HORST

Once again, I have failed.

He consults a phrase book.

HORST (CONT'D)

(READING; POLITE) We request the pleasure of your company for a free exchange of ideas.

HOMER

(SCARED) Auugghh!

INT. POWER PLANT - INTERVIEW ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

A sign on the wall reads "We Care". Fritz is looking at Homer's file. It's completely blank.

FRITZ

Homer, we've been looking through your records and we don't feel these files tell the whole story.

HORST

You've been safety inspector for two years. What initiatives have you spearheaded in that time?

HOMER

Uh... all of them?

Fritz and Horst exchange a look.

HORST (CONT'D)

I see. Then you must have some good
ideas for the future as well.

HOMER

I sure do!

A long silence.

FRITZ

Such as...

HOMER

Well, ah, I wish the candy machine
wasn't so picky about taking beat-up
dollar bills...

Fritz and Horst stare at Homer.

HOMER (CONT'D)

... because a lot of workers really
like candy.

HORST

(PATRONIZING) We understand Homer.
After all, we are from the land of
chocolate.

HOMER

Mmm. The land of chocolate...

Homer falls into a reverie.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE LAND OF CHOCOLATE - CONTINUOUS

We SEE what looks like an Alpine Village made entirely out of chocolate. Chocolate Easter Bunnies are hopping around. In the background we see a giant Hershey Kiss mountain. In one area it's raining malted milk balls. Homer walks down the street taking bites out of everything he passes: the light post, a mail box, a chocolate dog, etc. He stops short at a chocolate shop.

HOMER

Wow. Chocolate -- half price!

He walks happily into the store.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POWER PLANT - GERMAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Fritz and Horst are staring at Homer. He is sitting with his eyes rolled back in his head and his tongue hanging out.

HOMER

(SINGING) La la la la la...

FRITZ

Mr. Simpson...

HOMER

(CONTINUES SINGING) La la la...

FRITZ

Mr. Simpson...

Homer wakes up.

HOMER

Oh, oh, oh. I'm sorry. We were talking about chocolate?

HORST

(MAD) That was ten minutes ago!

INT. POWER PLANT - A LITTLE LATER

Homer is back at his console.

HOMER

(TO LENNY, CONFIDENT) I think I did
pretty good in there.

CARL

Yeah, you know those Germans aren't so
bad.

LENNY

Sure, they've made mistakes in the
past, but that's why pencils have
erasers.

HORST (V.O.)

(OVER PA) Attention workers. We have
completed our evaluation of the plant.

Various WORKERS look up anxiously.

HORST (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We regret to announce the following
lay-offs, which I will read in
alphabetical order. (BEAT) Simpson,
Homer. (BEAT) That is all.

Homer slumps sadly.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN

CLOSE UP - CAN OF GENERIC BRAND CARROT CAT FOOD

As it SPINS on the can opener, we can read it has an 88 percent ash content. Bart puts the food in a dish. The cat tries some, makes a face and goes over to Homer's plate. It eats his food as Homer stares dully at it, not moving. Marge enters and we see her very awful hairdo. The cylinder sags and has degenerated into a kind of Y-shape.

BART

(NOTICING HAIR) Aye carumba!

MARGE

Now, Bart, Lisa did a wonderful job on my hair and we saved forty dollars for the family. We all have to pull together till your father gets a new job.

Lisa is sitting at the table. She holds up an orange-green-and-white, snowball-like object to show Marge.

LISA

I made a new bar of soap by squeezing all our little soap slivers together.

MARGE

That's very clever.

BART

And today, instead of buying comic books, I just read 'em and left 'em in the store.

MARGE

Hmmm, you shouldn't do that.

LISA

My jump rope broke, but I just tied it back together.

MARGE

That's good, Lisa.

BART

(SMUG) I didn't take a bath today and I may not take one tomorrow.

MARGE

I want you to take baths, Bart.

Maggie puts her pacifier on the table, then **SUCKS** her thumb.

HOMER

(MOANS) Oh, this would never have happened if I wasn't such a bad safety inspector.

Homer is poking a fork in the toaster. **SPARKS** come out.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(MOANS) Oh what's the matter with this thing.

The toaster is plugged into a huge octopus outlet that is smoking and **SPARKING**.

HOMER (CONT'D)

No problems here.

MONTAGE

A.) Mr. Burns is playing bocce in the park with some old men. He aims a shot while JASPER coaches him.

JASPER

That's right, Burnsie... keep the wrist
supple... throw it, don't aim it...

Mr. Burns heaves the ball with a **GRUNT**. It falls far short
of the target. The old men **LAUGH** at Mr. Burns.

BURNS

This is my park! Get out!

They all walk off, still **LAUGHING**.

JASPER

(CHUCKLES) It was worth it.

B.) We see Homer in line at the UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE,
labelled as such. A CLERK waits on him.

CLERK

Have you been actively looking for
work, sir?

HOMER

Nah.

CLERK

(UNDER HIS BREATH) Let me explain.
This is just a little charade we go
through. You say, "Yes," I give you
the check.

The SUPERVISOR walks by.

SUPERVISOR

I heard that. No coaching. You're
fired.

CLERK

(TO HOMER) Thanks a lot.

The clerk steps from behind the counter and stands in line behind Homer.

C.) Smithers in his office is on the phone with Burns.

SMITHERS

(ON PHONE) This place has really gone
to hell, Mr. Burns. It's a crime what
they did to your office.

He looks over at the office. A sign clearly marks it as a day-care center. There are several CHILDREN happily playing in it.

INTERCUT

INT. BURNS' MANSION

BURNS

(A LITTLE LONELY) Listen, Smithers, you
caught me at a bad time but my folk
guitar class has been cancelled for
tonight. Would you like to get
together for a drink?

SMITHERS

Would I!

BURNS

Fine. I gotta go. See you at six.

An UNSEEN PERSON puts a mouthpiece into Burns' mouth.
Burns advances towards the sparring partner, putting up his
dukes a la John La Sullivan.

BURNS (CONT'D)

You're going down, my friend.

BOXER

Yes sir, Mr. Burns.

G.) INT. POWER PLANT -

We see Smithers and the Germans are at various spots in the plant, seeing the bad condition it is in. Horst GRUNTS as he examines the photos.

ON PHOTOS

1) A worker is handling plutonium with gloves that stick through a glass wall. We see a large chunk is missing from the glass.

2) The fire lane is being blocked by a car which is up on blocks.

3) A family of raccoons is living inside an instrument panel.

EXT. BURNS' MANSION - PRIVATE APIARY

Mr. Burns is wearing a beekeeping suit as he inspects the hives in his private apiary.

BURNS

That's right... gather the nectar, my
little drones, and make the honey.
Honey for your children.

Burns dips a finger into the honey, and then puts it into his mouth.

BURNS

Fools! (EVIL LAUGH)

Smithers walks up, not wearing a beekeeping suit.

SMITHERS

Ready for that drink, sir?

BURNS

Just a second, Smithers. Let me
introduce you to the gang. (POINTING
AT BEES) That's Buzz. That's Honey.
And you see that queen over there? Her
name is "Smithers."

SMITHERS

Ha, ha. That's very flattering, sir.
But we should go. Several bees are
stinging me.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - EVENING

Homer looks despondent. The phone **RINGS**. Moe answers it.

MOE

(INTO PHONE) Moe's Tavern. Moe
speaking.

INTERCUT

With Bart, on the phone in the Simpson kitchen.

BART

(INTO PHONE) Oh yes, I'm looking for a
Mr. Uage. First name... Ross.

MOE

(INTO PHONE) Oh just a minute. (CALLING
OUT) Ros-Suage, ros-Suage. Could
somebody check the kitchen for Ros-
Suage?

The barflies **LAUGH**.

MOE (CONT'D)

(REALIZING) Awww. (INTO PHONE) It's
you, isn't it?

BART

(LAUGHS AND LAUGHS)

MOE

Listen you, when I get a hold of you,
I'm gonna use your head for a bucket
and paint my house with your brains!

BART

(LAUGHS AND LAUGHS)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marge enters. Bart hangs up quickly.

MARGE

Bart, I want you to go down to Moe's
Tavern.

BART

Uh, why?

MARGE

I need you to bring your father home,
and for some reason their line is
always busy.

Bart looks sick.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - A LITTLE LATER

Bart sneaks in the door and skulks around, looking for
Homer among the patrons. Homer has his head down on the
bar.

BART

Excuse me, I'm looking for --

MOE

Wait a minute. I know that voice.

BART

(GULPS)

Moe picks him up and sits him on the bar.

MOE (CONT'D)

If it isn't little Bart Simpson! I
haven't seen you in years.

A very relieved Bart smiles and nods. He proudly points to
his passed-out father.

BART

That's right. That's my pop!

MOE

Ah, little Bart... we hear all about
your monkeyshines.

Moe elbows Bart in the ribs.

MOE (CONT'D)

(CONSPIRATORIAL) Bet you get into all
kinds of trouble he don't even know
about. Am I right? Huh? Am I right?

BART

(CAN'T RESIST) Yeah, well, I make some
crank phone calls.

MOE

(MUSSES BART'S HAIR) That's great!
(LAUGHS) Hey, would you sing that old
song you used to sing for me?

BART

(A LITTLE EMBARRASSED) Moe, for you...
anything?

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Burns' car rolls slowly down the street. Mr. Burns points out the window. They're passing Moe's Tavern.

BURNS

Look! A blue-collar bar! Oh,
Smithers, let's go slumming!

The car **PULLS UP** to Moe's. As Smithers scurries to open the door for Mr. Burns, we hear **SINGING** from within.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Bart is up on the bar, doing an exaggerated school play-type of dance as he sings, skipping and swaying his head from side to side. The barflies **CLAP**.

BART

(SINGING) Every teddy bear who's been
good is sure of a treat today/ There's
lot of marvelous things to eat, and
wonderful games to play/ beneath the
trees, where nobody sees/ they'll hide
and seek as long as they please/
Today's the day the teddy bears have
their picnic!

Bart bows to **APPLAUSE** from Moe, who hands him a chocolate bar.

MOE

He's a pip, this one is!

Burns and Smithers enter and pause at the door. They see the crowd still **LAUGHING** and **CLAPPING** for Bart.

BURNS

Ah, the mirthless laugh of the damned.
Hold your nose, Smithers, we're going
in!

Burns sits next to a now-revived Homer, who turns and reacts with shock at seeing Burns but says nothing. Burns pats Homer on the back as Moe comes over.

BURNS (CONT'D)

(TO SMITHERS) Watch me blend in. (TO
MOE) Barkeep, some cheap domestic beer
for me and my "buddy" here.

HOMER

I'm not your buddy, you greedy old
reptile!

BURNS

Smithers, who is this saucy fellow?

SMITHERS

Homer Simpson, sir. Sector Sieben-
gruben -- I mean, Sector 7G. Recently
terminated.

HOMER

That's right. I lost my job so that you
could have another 100 million dollars.

Homer **SHOVES** Burns as he speaks.

HOMER

(POINTED) Let me ask you something.
Does your money cheer you up when
you're feeling blue?

BURNS

Yes.

HOMER

(POINTED) Oh. Well, does it buy you a present on your birthday?

BURNS

Indeed it does.

HOMER

Okay, bad examples. So let me ask you this, does your money ever hug you when you come home at night?

BURNS

(SHAKEN) Why, no.

HOMER

And does it ever say, "I love you?"

BURNS

(SHAKEN) No, it doesn't.

HOMER

(SING-SONG) Nobody loves you. Nobody loves you. You're old and you're ugly. Nobody loves you. Yea, yea, yea yea! Nobody loves you...

As Homer **SINGS**, the barflies **AD LIB** encouragement, "Way to go", "That's telling him", etc.

BURNS

You can't talk to me like that!

HOMER

Hey, I'm an unemployed guy who just
drank a lot of beer. I can do anything
I want.

The barflies **CHEER**.

BURNS

Good heavens, Smithers! They're not
afraid of me anymore!

The entire bar starts **RAZZING** Burns. Bart walks up to him.

BART

Hey Mr. Burns, did you get that letter
I sent?

BURNS

Letter? I don't recall any letter...

BART

That's because I forgot to stamp it.

He **STOMPS** on Burns' foot. The bar bursts into gales of
LAUGHTER.

MOE

(LAUGHING) Ah, that kid slays me.

BURNS

That was no accident. Let's get out of
here.

Smithers is carrying Burns out of the bar. The Barflies
and Homer start **SINGING**.

HOMER/BARFLIES

(SINGING) Na na na na / Na na na na /
Hey hey hey / Goodbye -- Na na na na /
na na na na / hey hey hey / goodbye...

BURNS

What good is money if you can't inspire
terror in your fellow man?

(DETERMINED) I've got to get my plant
back!

INT. POWER PLANT - BOARD ROOM

Hans lays out a balance sheet before Fritz. He's looking
through a window to the plant. Suddenly the ceiling of the
area he is viewing **COLLAPSES**.

HANS

Gott in himmel! Who'd have thought a
nuclear plant could be such a
deathtrap.

FRITZ

Even though it will cost us another
hundred million dollars, we must put
safety before profit and repair this
plant.

Mr. Burns **BURSTS** in the office, followed by Smithers.
Burns drops to his knees, after Smithers puts down a
handkerchief.

BURNS

Please sell me my plant back! Please,
please, please!

The Germans look at each other, hopeful.

HORST

Isn't this a happy coincidence? You are desperate to buy, and we are desperate to sell. (FRIENDLY SMILE)

BURNS

(EVIL SMILE) Desperate, eh? (TO SMITHERS) Advantage, Burns.

Burns writes a figure on a sheet of paper and gives it to the Germans.

BURNS (CONT'D)

This is my offer. I think you'll find it's most unfair, but those are the breaks.

HANS

But Mr. Burns, this is half of what we paid you.

BURNS

That's my final offer, take it or leave it.

HORST

(OMINOUS) All right, Mr. Burns. You win. But beware. We Germans aren't all smiles and sunshine.

BURNS

(MOCK FEAR) Ooh, the Germans are mad at me. I'm so scared. Ooh, the Germans.

The Germans **SCOWL**. Burns continues **TAUNTING** them and the Germans respond **ANGRILY**.

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE

It is now a day care center.

BURNS

Get out! This is my office now! Get
out!

Burns shoos a bunch of KIDS out of his office. He wakes up
a SLEEPING CHILD.

BURNS (CONT'D)

You too. This is a place of business,
not a Peewee flop house!

The LITTLE BOY leaves CRYING.

SMITHERS

Your orders, sir?

BURNS

Restore my office. Cancel all repairs.
And rehire that chap who sassed me in
the bar.

SMITHERS

Homer Simpson, sir?

BURNS

Yes, Smithers. I keep my friends close
and my enemies even closer. He'll
slowly regain his confidence as the
months and years drift by, blissfully
unaware that the sword of Damocles is
dangling just above his head.

Burns picks up a letter opener and dangles it ominously
above his desk.

BURNS (CONT'D)

And then one day... when he least
expects it --

Burns slams the letter opener down hitting a child's RUBBER
PIG, which **SQUEALS**.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

The family watches in excitement as Homer, looking
ecstatic, still holds the telephone receiver.

HOMER

Woo-hoo! I got my job back! Yes!

MARGE

Oh, Homie.

Marge **KISSES** Homer.

LISA

It seems like every week our lives are
thrown into a turmoil, but somehow
everything works itself out.

HOMER

(PATTING HER HEAD) Welcome to the real
world, honey.

FADE OUT.

THE END